

THE

SQUIRE

AND THE

CARDINAL:

An Excellent

New BALLAD.

Tune of, *King JOHN and the Abbot.*



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LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, MDCCXXX.

[*Price Three-pence.*]

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To this Cardinal high, with his Bonnet to red,  
 Quoth H—, the Squire, polite and well bred,  
 Adieu, my Good Lord, is this night I can do,  
 At England's fair Court, for your King or for you.

# SQUIRE

## AND THE

# CARDINAL.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story so merry,

Of a wise Norfolk Squire and Cardinal Fleury:

I mean not to sing of this Cardinal's Might,

How he led in a String both the Squire and the Knight.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

[ 4 ]

II.

But how he and the Pope a Project did forge,  
To get tall *Irishmen* to fight with King GEORGE;  
An Army to make for the *Popish Pretender*,  
Against the good King, of our Faith the Defender.

Derry Down.

III.

To this Cardinal high, with his Bonnet so red,  
Quoth H—ce, the Squire, polite and well bred,  
Adieu, my Good Lord, is there aught I can do,  
At England's fair Court, for your King or for you?

Derry Down.

IV.

Dear Friend, said the Priest, procure us, with Ease,  
Some tall *Irishmen* for *Dunkirk's* Jetties:  
If you will but allow us a Man for each Stone,  
How rarely we'll settle your King on his Throne!

Derry Down.

V.

When H—ce came Home, ere he pull'd off his Boots,  
He ask'd our good King for these *Irish* Recruits;  
To this Cardinal (Liege) if we are not civil,  
Both my Brother and I must go to the D—il.

Derry Down.

VI. Oh!



## VI.

Oh! H---ce, of late thou art turn'd a meer Fool,  
 The *French* shall not run my Men nor my Wool;  
 If this silly Request I should grant unto thee,  
 Thy Head would be taken from thy Body.

*Derry Down.*

## VII.

The Recruits which the *French* for *Dunkirk* demand,  
 For all that they yet have pull'd down on that Strand,  
 Ere many Years pass may attempt to come over,  
 As they try'd once before from *Dunkirk* to *Dover*.

*Derry Down.*

## VIII.

Ten Thousand like them, in Battle Array,  
 Tho' I fear not myself, my good People may;  
 Then the King, who no more of this Matter would hear,  
 Sent H---ce away with a Flea in his Ear.

*Derry Down.*

F I N I S.

## VI.

Oh! Where of late thou art turn'd a meer Fool;  
The Power shall not run my Men nor my Wool;  
If this silly Request I should grant unto thee,  
Thy Head would be taken from thy Body.

Davy Down

## VII.

The Recruits which the Power for Dawkins demand,  
For all that they yet have pull'd down on that Stand,  
Five many Years past may attempt to come over,  
As they try'd once before from Dawkins to Dover.

Davy Down

## VIII.

Too Thould like them, in Battle Away,  
Tho' I fear not myself, my good People may;  
Then the King, who no more of this Matter would hear,  
Sent H----- away with a Fles in his Ear.

Davy Down

F I N I S